

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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LORD OF THE WILDERNESS

FROM the depths of the wilderness of Europe there comes a faint whine. If we listen in the next few weeks it will be louder and more insistent. It will grow in volume as the days go by until the whisperings and murmurings sound like the still sad music of humanity. Be not deceived by it; it is the whine of the German Empire in distress.

It is nothing to say that Mr Hitler is the greatest humbug since the world began. All the world knows it. He lives on lies and feeds on cruelties. He knocks nations down and robs them. But nothing this mountebank has done; nothing the twisted mind of a Nazi has ever conceived, has plumbed such a depth of meanness as the starving of his slaves. Already he is whipping them up to cry out that the world should feed them. It is a cry for help for Hitler that he dare not make openly lest his people turn and rend him.

A Conqueror's First Duty

LORD of the World he would be; Lord of Europe he boasts that he is. Then let him feed his people. It is a conqueror's first duty and the first proof of his conquest. He rides over six hundred thousand square miles of Europe, with 150 million slaves at his feet: let him show us now that he can rule them. Let him give them food and clothe them. Let him stop the horrible tragedy of Warsaw, where 1000 people are dying every day, ten times as fast as under any other ruler on the earth. Let him give them order, law, and justice.

The truth is that he is not a conqueror. He marches across Europe as if he had done a great thing, but in fact he has protected himself behind a vast machine which has trampled down innocent people. He can make a smiling land into a wilderness, but never could he make a wilderness into a smiling land.

He found Czechoslovakia among the rising nations of Europe, famous for its industries and its culture; who did not long to see the gay festivals at Prague? He has cut it to pieces, robbed its banks, and broken the hearts of its people. He found Poland setting the world a high example of a nation in its resurrection, growing rich crops to feed its millions of peasant folk and building up great industries. He has stripped the country of its wealth, burned down their homes, carried off a million people to work as German slaves, and herded the rest like cattle in the wilderness. Within 50 years, he said, this area would contain a German population "without any Poles."

The Danes and the Norwegians

HE found Denmark in the gentle lap of Peace, thinking no ill and harming no one, half its people working in the fields and half in factories, with three million cattle, three million pigs, half a million horses; so rich in this healthy country life that she supplied an abundance of bacon, hams, butter, and eggs for us all. He seized their country overnight, plundered their stores, ordered the destruction of millions of hens, and rationed eggs and butter in

this land which had been the dairy shop of Europe. He found the Norwegians happy in their mountain valleys, busy in their fields and forests, utilising their water power in a hundred ways to contribute to the comfort of life, fishing in their fjords, and with a trade so great that it was carried in the fourth merchant fleet of the world. Such was this homeland of the Vikings who sailed wherever ships could sail before the ugly face of Nazidom had appeared from the German Dustbin; its 20 provinces were filled with thriving industries and pleasant people. Today they are under Hitler's heel.

Scuttler and Looter

THEIR papers have been compelled to demand King Haakon's resignation, have been forbidden to mention his birthday or publish his portrait, and nobody may receive official war reports except from Germany or refer in public to economic or financial troubles. The betrayal of Norway is perhaps the foulest of all the treacheries of the Nazis, who chose for their chief helpers Germans who knew the country because the Norwegians received them into their homes as Great War refugees.

Scuttler of Ships and Looter of Lands, Hitler found Holland one of the most delightful areas in the world, the joy of all those who have sauntered about its quaint streets and on its lively quays, the home of millions of brave folk who have

O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

O GOD, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast, and our eternal home:
Before the hills in order stood, or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God, to endless years the Same.
A thousand ages in Thy sight are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night before the rising sun.
Time, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream dies at the opening day.
O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last, and our eternal home.

found the secret of being happy and great while remaining simple, mastering the tremendous business of life in lands below the level of the sea, fighting the waters and reclaiming lost fields, making cottons and woollens, sugar and glass, candles and lamps, and lovely things for all nations in craftsmanship of silver and gold. He stopped the flow of its national life. He seized the banks, the gold of private people, all precious metals, and all foreign cheques over 15 shillings. He carried off the petrol so that the farmer could not run his tractors. He reduced the numbers of poultry to a third. He rationed the food for children's pets. He forbade the use of national flags, and in this land of tulips he stopped the sale of flowers with the national colours; even Nature must surrender to this crazy loon.

The Mountebank Marches On

HE brought Holland so low that crockery may be washed only once a day, and he made a barren waste of one of the most flourishing square miles in Rotterdam. He found Belgium contentedly working in its cornfields, its men in mines and mills and quarries, its women making lace, and he has shattered its faith in the future, made its king a captive, and turned its bright capital into a city without life, shut off from the world.

So in country after country the Nazi mountebank marches on, his traitors opening the gates, his spies preparing the way, his bullies browbeating the people, his thieves robbing the banks, his bombs creating terror, his machine-guns shooting down women and little children. In France his plans have gone agley, for he has suffered the greatest disaster that has befallen him by the loss of its Fleet; but with Marshal Pétain fawning at his feet he has ordered all gold and securities to be brought to him, all private safes to be sealed and opened only by Nazis, and has allowed his men to loot the shops and strip them of their treasures. The people have given up their white crisp rolls and eat black bread as if they were no more than Germans, and living conditions are so bad that the Pasteur Institute is inoculating refugees to check the spread of typhoid. The French may not ride in their cars because the Nazis steal their petrol. They may not listen to a foreign broadcast or read an uncensored paper. The Gestapo listens at their keyholes and spies on them by night and day.

The New Slavery

THOSE who have read the history or the last slaves set free, in the British Empire and the United States last century, will remember how many of them refused their freedom because their lives had been pleasant enough and they loved their masters. But not one German slave is there who loves the monster over him. For 80 years slavery had gone from Europe until the Nazis set out to enslave mankind. There was not one slave in this great continent when the 20th century dawned. Every man was free to say or read what he would, to go



EUROPE IN 1940

Continued on page 2

A Bible Fragment Comes to Light

ULTRA-VIOLET rays have rendered another great service to the cause of Knowledge, making clear the writing of a fragment of a Bible manuscript, probably 1400 years old, in the Library of Oriental Manuscripts at Selly Oak College, Birmingham.

The story is of one of those rare coincidences which sometimes make us wonder whether what we read is true. At Westminster College, Cambridge, is a famous Biblical manuscript in a Palestine dialect, bought in the Near East about 35 years ago; but of this precious record of early Christianity (called Codex Climacus) one folio was missing.

The Selly Oak manuscript was bought by the old curator there, Dr Mingana. It was a palimpsest, a manuscript with two writings on it, the underwriting having been rubbed out and left only faintly visible. Such dual writing on vellum or parchment was often met with in the days when writing material was scarce, and sometimes the writings, as in this case, were separated by centuries.

Dr Mingana passed on before he had time to look at this palimpsest thoroughly, but one day a librarian at Selly Oak, Mr G. Wolege, thought it looked very like the folios of the Codex Climacus. He said so to a distinguished Orientalist, Professor Margoliouth, who confirmed his belief. It actually

was so; here was the missing leaf of one of the most precious manuscripts in the world, and no one knows what its story has been since it was torn out of the original book.

The palimpsest was photographed with ultra-violet apparatus by Dr Matthew Black of the University of Manchester, and the dim underwriting was revealed so clearly that the greater part could be read with confidence. It contains part of the 21st chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. What makes it so important is that the Codex Climacus is the only known manuscript of the Gospels and the Acts in a Palestine dialect, and it is therefore of the greatest value in the history of Syriac translations of the New Testament. Its date is the 6th century or earlier, and thus it comes very near to the first three centuries of our era, the period from which unfortunately we have no complete Bible manuscript, but only a few fragments.

The upper writing of this rare document, though nothing like so valuable, is of great interest also, for it is a copy, over 1100 years old, of the book called Scala Paradisi, by a 6th century abbot of the famous monastery of Mount Sinai.

We have seen this precious fragment at Selly Oak, and it is good to know that it is greatly cared for in the fine library Mr Edward Cadbury has established for Oriental manuscripts.

Hitler's Mumbo-Jumbo

HITLER has another secret weapon in pickle for us. All the members of his bodyguard are to have a stainless pedigree. Their strength will be as the strength of ten because their descent is pure.

To make sure of this they will have to produce certificates showing that their parents, their grandparents, their great-grandparents, their great-great-grandparents, and their great-great-great-grandparents had not a drop of blood that was not Aryan. But even this will not be enough. All the family must be able to show that their sacred blood was undiluted German; no foreign blood must apply.

This is a severe test. What a magnificent race of Mumbo-Jumbos they will be! A little calculation will show that every German, like the persons of inferior nations, must have four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, 16 great-great-grandparents, and 32 great-great-great-grandparents.

These will take him safely back to the eighteenth century, when there was no Germany, but only Germanic peoples, to whom had not long before been added many French Huguenots. But even if Hitler is to be satisfied about the 32 great-great-greats their present day descendants will be worried to death to prove them of "purest race serene." In order to do so he will need so many documents that altogether they must have 63 official stamps. If all Germans have to do this their time will be fully occupied and Hitler lose the War! At present all the superior Nazis must comply, Brown Shirts and Black Guards; the bigger the blackguard the more pure must he be.

So Hitler's Mumbo-Jumbo goes on like a game in a madhouse. It is rather an odd reflection that the only race in Germany, that could produce these pedigrees of purity are the Jews! Clearly Hitler wishes his own race was as pure as theirs.

The Man of Great Courage

IN these days of great courage the world has lost in Sir Abe Bailey one of the most courageous of all.

He was one of the biggest figures of South Africa, and had seen and greatly helped its rise to unity. But he loved this country, too, for his father was a Yorkshireman who had emigrated and Sir Abe spent his life between his home at the Cape and a flat in Mayfair and a country house not far from London. He could say that he had one leg in England and one leg in South Africa, and this was literally true in

his case, for he had the terrible misfortune of losing both legs, one of which was amputated here in England and one in Cape Town.

In spite of it he was full of gaiety and good courage and continued his active interest in sport and racing and in political affairs in the country of his birth, where he was a friend of both Botha and Smuts. After being educated in England he returned to South Africa nearly 60 years ago and went trekking to the goldfields where he made a great fortune.

India's Chance

THE Viceroy has issued a proclamation which it is hoped will have far-reaching effects in India. It is the first step towards Indian Federation which has been taken since Mr Winston Churchill became Prime Minister.

The Viceroy has declared his intention of inviting representative Indians of all parties to join the

Executive War Council, and it is believed that this meeting of hostile elements will be a great advantage by bringing them together in a joint experience of the responsibilities of government. In India the initial difficulty has always been the opposition between the vast majority and the vast minority of Hindus, Moslems, and other faiths and races.

Little News Reels

Experiments are being made in the United States with a system of wireless practically free from all interference.

A flying patrol which has completed its million miles has used enough petrol to drive 500 family cars round the world.

Nearly a thousand old cannon have been scrapped for the war.

An application for a considerable number of officers for special duties in the R A F has brought in 50,000 inquiries.

Edinburgh has ten horse-lorries collecting waste paper, and the 700 tons it collects every month more than pays the cost.

Salford's Royal Technical School has introduced a treble shift so that its work can go on day and night for 24 hours.

The poem from which we quoted the other day, "I Saw the Morning Break," is by Sir Owen Seaman, and was written at the outbreak of the last war.

A letter from Africa tells us of a man who travelled 30 miles by road, 90 by rail, and 100 by boat to call on his dentist.

By digging up six London squares 1000 plots have been cultivated to yield 400 tons of potatoes.

A small community of about 14 families, mostly Afrikaaners from a village in Swaziland, have sent £82 to provide comforts for the men of the Navy.

When repairing a 200-year-old house at Freefolk in Hants two workmen discovered two earthenware jars containing 358 sovereigns and 254 half-sovereigns under a brick floor.

Over £27 for the Red Cross has been realised from the sale of Hitler's leaflets dropped from a plane over a country churchyard.

A children's service in Kent being interrupted by an air raid, the vicar took the children to the cellar and carried on.

Guide and Scout News Reels

Two Nigerian Scouts have rescued a dog from the bottom of a 12-foot well.

Norwich Boy Scouts have collected more than 250 tons of waste paper since October; thirty Scout dumps have been organised and a Boy Scout lorry collects waste from commercial firms.

Peter Marham, an 11-year-old Scout of Cape West Province, South Africa, who has spent six years in a plaster jacket, has been awarded the Cornwell Scout decoration.

Edinburgh Girl Guides are collecting books and games for the Church of Scotland huts and canteens.

The Badge of Fortitude has been awarded to Violet Brain, a helpless invalid for 14 years; she has signed a paper agreeing to be used for research work, knowing that she cannot live long and feeling that doctors may be able to make tests that will help others.

THINGS SEEN

A Royal Mail driver breaking the first rule of the road outside Holborn Town Hall.

Vegetables growing round a Leicestershire bowling green.

Notice in a greengrocer's window: You have to thank Musso for this. Lemons 5d.

Lord of the Wilderness

Continued from page 1

where he would. There was liberty in every land in Europe.

Now, in less than one decade, the Nazi Gangsters have enslaved 150 million people.

Perhaps it is not even yet realised how inhuman this Nazi Slavery is. It is the scientific brutalisation of free peoples. They are to be herded like cattle, cut off from every inspiration of the mind and from the news of the world outside them.

Barbarism

The Nazi foot on the neck of the German people is to be on the neck of every population Hitler can trample down. Their wireless is to be controlled. Their newspapers are steeped in Nazi lies. Their freedom of conversation is abolished. Their confidence in their own children is betrayed, for it is part of Nazism to take the child at school and train it to spy and to lie, so that thousands of parents have been tortured in concentration camps because of information given against them by their own flesh and blood.

Thirteen hundred professors and their staffs, unwilling to bow down to these brazen gods of Nazidom, have been flung out of their universities; tens of thousands of honest Germans have been thrown into concentration camps and tortured, starved, or beaten to death because they stood in the Nazi path to Barbarism, and today there is rising up in Germany an army of 4000 picked youths who are to be trained as Barbarians.

Mass Production of Fuhrers

Too well Hitler knows there will never be such a mountebank again, and so he trains 4000 little Fuhrers who will rule Europe like wild beasts. Every one will be guaranteed pure Nazi, with the true Hitler blood-stream running back to 32 great-great-great-grandparents; and it will be their business to build up a world on the lines of the British Empire reversed: with lying practised instead of truth, bullying instead of courtesy, cruelty instead of mercy, every neighbouring land beneath the Nazi lash, their peoples crawling in adoration of the glorious German race, driven to work for their masters, growing food to feed them, whipped like rats if in some unsuspecting moment they should imagine themselves men.

These 4000 Nazis growing up in the Hitler University are to be the masters of Europe Enslaved, keeping down first the glorious German Race and then the rest of ignominious mankind. Only in this University of the Superb 4000 is the gospel of the free man to be allowed to be

preached—he is to be free to control his body and his nerves, to be afraid of nothing however loathsome or cruel it be; yet even he must remain proof against the temptations of the mind. It is there that the Nazi stops. He must have no mind, no mental strength, no free spirit to set him thinking, no poetry in his soul, no love in his heart, no visions floating round him. These cannot live in the Nazi Wilderness. It is the slavery of body, soul, and spirit, that thrills the frenzied dreams of these jackbooted lunatics, monsters without morality, without a thought of right or wrong. It is from these things, from a world dominated by these evil spirits, that we have to save mankind, and with us as inspiration is every decent emotion in the lives of men.

The Toadstool King

Such is the Nazi Wilderness with Adolf Hitler as its lord; like some prehistoric Creature of the Slime he tramples down the surface of the earth and would destroy all that makes it clean and fair to see.

But the hour is coming that will test this toadstool king of Europe and he knows it, and so it is that there goes up the cry that a humane world should feed the hungry millions of the Wilderness when winter comes. But if winter comes, the spring of victory cannot be far behind. If he is Master of Europe let him feed his people. He has made his way by trickery and treachery, and not by the heroism of those great soldiers who have conquered in the field.

By no stretch of patience is this man to be believed; by no use of words is he anything but a contemptible figure on the page of history; and the mind of the world is not to be tricked when he cries for Food in the name of his tortured prey. He can feed them all by leaving their lands and going back to his own people, but it is the certain touch of the Nazi Mind to think that it can deceive civilised nations by crying for pity for its victims.

The Thread of Life

The mind of man is not so poor an instrument that Dr Goebbels can play on it like that. The civilised world which loves peace more than all is not of such poor stuff that a ravening wolf can lure it into the bottomless pit. These men of blood believe they hold the vital thread that runs through Life, but it is a wild phantasmagoria. The Thread is not in their hands; but they will know it when it binds them inexorably in the coils of Fate from which there is no escape.

Arthur Mee

The Dragon of the Garden

A FRIEND of the C N complained to us the other day, "There might be an underground fire consuming the carrots I am trying to grow in my garden; three times this summer I have sown seed, but off go the young carrots each time."

The underground fire is that dragon of the soil, the leather-jacket, larva of daddy longlegs, of which each female may lay 250 eggs to develop into ruinously destructive grubs. These spoil lawns by eating the roots; they take other

vegetables with their carrots, and they eat their way through the roots of violas, lobelia, and snapdragon as if these were luscious dessert.

On completing their transformation from grub to winged insect, they thrust their cocoon cases above the soil or turf, where they look like withered black crocuses. Off fly the perfect insects, but unfortunately they have the homing instinct and return, to lay their eggs in the spot where they themselves passed their infancy.

News From the Moon

WHEN the moon was last eclipsed it gave Dr Edison Pellit of the Mount Wilson Observatory an opportunity to ascertain with some exactness what it is that covers its surface. It has a skin of lava about an inch thick.

Attached to his 20-inch reflecting telescope was a very sensitive thermo-electric couple, which converts radiated heat into electricity and so allows temperatures of distant objects to be measured. Before the moon was eclipsed and it was in full daylight from the sun its temperature stood at 208 degrees Fahrenheit, little below that of boiling water. When

totally eclipsed, and therefore in darkness, the temperature quickly fell to 98 degrees below freezing, and afterwards, while still in the shadow, fell to 144 degrees below. The moon's surface therefore holds its heat for a very brief period, and further careful calculations showed that this is consistent with the supposition that it is covered with volcanic lava.

By comparison with the heat coming from volcanic lavas in the earth, the thickness of the covering should be about an inch. This would account for the disappearance of the heat the moon receives from the sun and reflects into space.

THE IRON LIBRARY

Of the making of books there is no end is an age-old saying that might be placed over the door of the British Museum Reading Room, which has been enlarged, and when better times come the books will be housed in the new Iron Library.

This has been constructed in the north-east quadrant of the plot of ground of which the Reading Room is the inner circle. Five hundred tons of steelwork are in its shelves, which have been welded together by a new process.

More than 60,000 welds have been put in, and for a generation at least the mighty population of the books will have elbow-room.

THE HARVEST OF ROSES

In Turkey and the Balkans the rose harvest is being gathered in, and millions are coming to the Turkish town of Karlovo from the Valley of Roses, 80 miles long. The petals are made into rose water, and from the surface of the rose water the bubbles of oil are skimmed to make the famous attar of roses.

For one pound of rose oil 2000 pounds of red roses or 3000 pounds of white roses are needed. It is said that attar of roses took its name from Attar Djahn Kir, the husband of a princess who discovered the bubbles of oil in the fountains of rose water substituted for ordinary water at their wedding.

DUMMY RIFLES

Members of the Home Guard at Glasgow have been drilling with the dummy rifles used by the Boys Brigade over 20 years ago; we wonder if they kept them as well polished as their former owners did.

When their elders piled their arms at the end of the Great War, and received their discharge from the Army, never again to fire a shot in anger, as they earnestly believed, the Brigade decided to give up their rifle drill, and the weapons were consigned to lumber rooms.

Today the Glasgow Home Guard, waiting on the real weapons, remembered this stock of antiques and asked for them to practise with. Cupboards have been opened in many church halls, and the dummy rifles, very rusty where they used to shine so bright, have been handed over—to be used, we do not doubt, by many old Brigaders.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Peas sown last month for the latest crop should be well mulched and watered. Tomatoes placed against a wall should be kept nailed or stopped.

Shorten the shoots of laurels, hollies, and other evergreen shrubs that have grown too large for their position. Hoe and rake borders to keep weeds down.

Thin young shoots of raspberries, leaving from four to six of the strongest. After the crop is gathered from the bearing branches they should be cut.

POWER WHILE WE SLEEP

Householders have been warned to get in their house coal betimes, lest there should be difficulties in supplying it during the winter. Even those who recognise the need for their own share of coal are hardly aware how much more is burned for them. Coal supplies the national requirements for trains, ships, factories, and, indirectly, for cars, planes, and farms. Reckoned thus, each of us consumes rather more than seven tons of coal a year, 36 tons for a family of five.

Calculated in terms of power this works out as 13,400 horse-power hours a year for each person. In other words, coal is making a present of one and a half horse-power every hour of our lives to each one of us.

STAY PUT and STICK IT

THE BEETLE AND THE WASP

America is suffering from an invasion of the Japanese beetle. It came in, a most undesirable immigrant, with Japanese vegetable produce 14 years ago, and has made its way from California across the continent.

In Japan, its ravages are kept down by a natural enemy, a wasp, but in the absence of this parasite in America the beetle has thrived enormously. It has now "hitch-hiked" its way through the Middle West to the Eastern coastline, leaving its mark in Illinois, and now spreading to Maryland, Maine, Connecticut, and New York State. The Board of Agriculture is attempting to counter it by poisoning, and has also borrowed from Japan thousands of the Japanese wasp which destroys it.

But it is slow work and the beetle is still spreading. The wasps take a year to breed before coming into action in great numbers.

YOUNG GLASGOW FOLLOWS THE GLEAM

Of all the proud records of war workers few rank higher than the record of Glasgow school children.

As a result of open-air concerts in the poorer quarters of their great city they are collecting at the rate of £100 a day for ambulances and Red Cross purposes. Perhaps they remember another humble entertainment which has become famous in Scotland's history, held in the wash-house of a four-roomed cottage at Kirriemuir, where the price of admission was a pin, a spinning-top, or a marble. The entertainer was J. M. Barrie.

The house was his birthplace, the dearest place in the world to him. It was in that tiny room that Peter Pan was cradled, for the little house the boys build in the Never Land was modelled on that scullery.

THE ADDERS AND THEIR EGGS

Mountainous parts of Wales are suffering from a plague of adders for which the war is to blame. In the past thousands of eggs have been destroyed in the spring by man setting fire to the bracken, but this year the fires were forbidden owing to the danger of enemy aircraft identifying the district, and so the adders have flourished.

The Wrong Thumb

EVEN if peace were declared tomorrow the cause of justice would suffer for years to come, and that in a way not generally realised. With the bombing and shelling of city after city the Germans have destroyed innumerable documents.

Among these are hosts of police records, with finger-prints, enabling the police to track down criminals in many cases as soon as a crime is committed. The least flaw in such records may be fatal.

When Leonardo's famous picture Mona Lisa was stolen from the Louvre in 1911 two years passed before it was discovered in Florence, and the thief remained

unknown long after that. Yet his finger-prints were on the painting. The Paris police searched through 750,000 such records without being able to identify those on the picture.

Eventually the culprit was caught, and it transpired that the Paris police actually had his finger-prints among their records; but it was his right hand of which they had the impression, and the mark on the picture was made by his left thumb.

With all the records of this kind gone, European police in many centres will have to catch their old criminals on new charges, take their finger-prints, and start all over again.

YORKSHIRE AGAIN

An enterprising lady at Scotton, near Knaresborough, has thought out a novel scheme for making money on behalf of the Red Cross Society in York.

Each week the villagers give her surplus fruit and vegetables left over from each day's supply from the gardens; and these she sells from a wayside stall, raising about £3 10s a week.

WHAT WAS WRONG

The air squadron had returned from an exceptionally dangerous flight over enemy country.

There had been much anti-aircraft fire, and the task of dropping bombs on important objectives had been unusually hazardous. The commanding officer eagerly awaited the pilots, and as soon as they arrived he mustered them on the aerodrome. "Everything all right?" he asked as he walked down the line of gallant heroes. All but the last man said it was.

"And what was wrong in your plane?" he inquired, regarding the airman anxiously.

"The sandwiches were dry and the coffee cold, sir," was the reply.

OUTSIDE ST PAUL'S

Readers who can go to St Paul's Cathedral will see, in the garden outside, this motto written in flowers:

*Let all the ends thou aim'st at be
Thy country's, thy God's, and
Truth's.*

H M RAVENS

The Tower of London, closed to the public for the duration of the war, is again simply a fortress, and one of the grown-up papers has published a little lament over the famous ravens there, which, it says, sadly miss their titbits from the public.

The truth is that the ravens at the Tower suffered in health through the generosity of the public, who overfed them and shortened their days. The Tower ravens are soldiers, and get their daily rations as such. They are entered on the strength of every regiment that serves its turn at the Tower, and, like true soldiers, are allotted their regulation share of food daily.

An attestation paper is filled up for each raven, and when we last heard of them Sandy, Jacko, Rose, Tom, and Wendy were in the best of health and spirits.

113 TRAGIC CASES

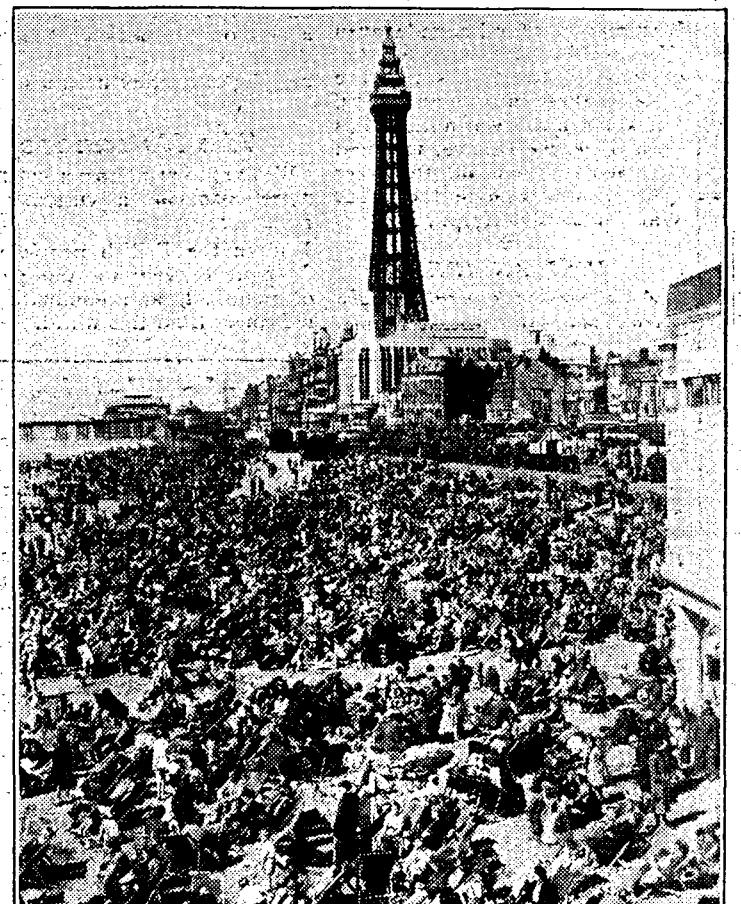
A tragic number of cases of war blindness have already been reported. The War Secretary told the House of Commons that 113 British soldiers lost the sight of one or both eyes in the recent fighting in France.

It is impossible not to wonder how many of these eyes might have been saved if our regulation helmets had had a visor attachment fitted to them.



AUGUST BY THE SEA

South Coast



AUGUST BY THE SEA

North-West Coast

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



THE CHANCELLOR'S NIGHTMARE

THE CN has been much interested in the idea expressed in Parliament by Sir Irving Albery, in whose constituency so many of our printing machines turn out so many millions of papers.

Sir Irving has brought before the Chancellor's notice the idea that, as a business firm is taxed 100 per cent of Excess Profit compared with peace time, so individuals should be taxed 50 per cent on any extra income they make in wartime, and of course pay the current income tax on the other 50.

It is a very wise and proper suggestion, to which we believe the vast majority of those concerned would willingly agree. Who wants to make a profit out of war? It was one of the great sins of the last war that so many grew rich out of it; but civilised nations and decent men have a newer and nobler conception now. If we can maintain our incomes during

the war we are fortunate compared with the soldier who risks his life and loses almost all; but that we should grow richer from all this misery is a revolting thought.

We hope the Chancellor will think of it and that some clever pens will be set to work to create a wide awakening of opinion on this most vital subject. Here is work worth while for a Ministry of Information, to inform us all on the value of a minimum and a maximum wage (or a minimum and a maximum income?) as a means of paying for the glorious privilege of being free.

Already we have in being the machinery for collecting taxes at the source, and the extension of the principle to a maximum wage or a maximum income would probably be a marvellously simple and marvellously effective contribution to the solution of the Chancellor's Nightmare.

Hitler's Rope

No more faithful Englishman is there than our old friend Dr S. W. Hughes, and he must have been thrilled by a talk with his mother the other day. The old lady, over 90 years young, said to him: "God is letting Hitler have an awful lot of rope, isn't He?" And as Dr Hughes was puzzling his wits to think of something to say his mother came to the rescue with, *But God has hold of the end of it.*

THE GENIUS

WE may all afford a smile, even in these days, when we read of some of the things that are done by those in brief authority, but so far in this war nothing has been done, we believe, to equal the achievement of the War Office genius who in the Great War sent sand to Egypt!

JUST AN IDEA

As Onlooker says, in calamity the spirit of man can reach the heights.

The Blind Beggar Fraud

Do not give to blind beggars. The public cannot be reminded too often that there is now no excuse for blind beggars in London, and they should not be supported by charity.

The assistance available to all blind people, thanks to the generosity of the National Institute for the Blind, makes begging quite unnecessary by any of them, and it is time that the Home Office made it illegal for any blind beggar to beg, so casting a slur on the nation's generous spirit, which has made such begging altogether needless.

The Nuisances

We like this word from a Japanese nurseryman to a customer in Berkshire:

I hope the British people will fight bravely for the peace of mankind, and eliminate all nuisances from this world.

FROM A WINDOW IN FIFE

A LOVER of the works of R L S found an unexpected pleasure awaiting her when the war took her with her sailor husband to the shores of Fife. She found that with his telescope she could see from the window of her room the distant Pentland Hills across the Firth of Forth.

She can see more than this; she sees the actual "bouquet of old trees" which R L S described as sheltering the cottage at Swanston where he spent so many of his summers. She went on pilgrimage one day from Edinburgh to find it, and now she has only to use the telescope to travel there again in a moment, and to see those hills of which R L S wrote so wistfully from far-off Vailima:

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying, hills of home.

She can see the place where the garden ends and the moor begins, from whence a shepherd loved by R L S would beckon the poet from his desk to wander with him over the hills and far away; an invitation which rarely went unheeded. Below the window at which he wrote runs a singing burn, its music adding to the enchantment of this hill-side retreat.

Nearer to the coastline stands the cathedral of St Giles, where, in the Chapel of the Knights of the Thistle, is the bronze on which is engraved one of the poet's prayers:

Give us strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune and down to the gates of death loyal and loving one to another.

God Bless Them

How many lives have been changed by little evacuees bringing joy into lonely lives! It nearly broke a Yorkshire woman's heart when her three evacuees went home not long ago. One of our readers sends us the story from a Scottish paper.

"You know, I didn't want 'em a bit at first," the woman told a neighbour. "I've always been house-proud, and I didn't want any bairns paddling up my clean step and getting in my way. I wasn't a bit pleased to see 'em. But somehow they grew on me. I couldn't be owt but kind to 'em."

"Do you know, they did me good. Aye, they used to gather round my knee after they'd been washed at night, and with shining faces they used to kneel and close their eyes, and they'd say a little prayer, and me listening to what they said."

"I was never one for praying much, and I haven't bothered with going to church; but somehow . . . I know they helped to make me a better woman, bless 'em."

STILL AN ISLAND

OUR safety has for centuries lain in the fact that we live in an island, but with the coming of flying we were full of regrets that we were no longer an island.

Now we can all of us say with full hearts once more:

Thank God we are still an island!

Civilisation

CIVILISATION is one long, long search for You. Down the centuries of time, through all the ages, unto all the races, comes its great call for a man.

Civilisation is the striving without ceasing for the highest and best, for the something within us which, though no man may understand it, may become a power among all men. Civilisation, hour by hour, day by day, year after year, age after age, is reaching out to you—to the wonderful powers within you.

Everywhere comes its call. It is written across the page of history. It is heard across the

across its vast distances the Canadian Pacific Railway. Civilisation said, *We will abolish space*, and in the minds of common men it found the Railway and the Telegraph. Civilisation called for the saving of time; a clerk invented shorthand, a schoolmaster made a telephone, all over the earth men made machines. Civilisation called for the spreading of knowledge, and a stationer's son invented newspapers.

Civilisation called for the conquest of the Tropics, and two private soldiers in the American Army imperilled their lives to



MEN OF TOMORROW

continents. Its appeal is to the human race, to kings and lords and common men. And more often than not Civilisation picks out the common man.

Civilisation called for a way for her ships across America; a major's brain swept the plague away and fifty thousand men turned the Atlantic Ocean into the Pacific. The world grew tired of distance, and Civilisation found a boy in an Italian garden with the wireless telephone in his head.

The New and the True

Civilisation is ever seeking the new and the true. Is there anything in the world you can do better? Civilisation is calling to you to do it. For centuries women wore their fingers to the bone and lost their sight in stitching, until Civilisation inspired a tailor to make a sewing machine. The fellaheen in the Egyptian desert cried out for water, and Civilisation, finding a brain in an engineer in London, gave them the great Nile dam.

Canada, with a sparse population and an immense area, became a nation, and Civilisation, through a man who began life as a newsboy, stretched

save the world from yellow fever. Civilisation called for flying men, and a bicycle-maker of Ohio went up into the sky like a bird. All down the ages it has been the same.

Kings of Men

All men are equal: it is the discovery of Civilisation that the real kings of men are not all born in palaces. Civilisation moves forward as fast as the common man will let it go. Calling for electric light, Civilisation found it in the brain of a paper-boy. Look round the room you sit in, and Civilisation has furnished it from the mind of the ordinary man.

You can lay down your own path through the world. The men who have carved their way to immortality, whose names will live for ever on the Roll of Fame, had not your opportunities. They lived when knowledge was difficult to get, before books had scattered ideas everywhere for everybody to pick up, before trains and ships and telegraphs and newspapers had opened every corner of the world to the man with something to sell. But they heard the call of Civilisation, and answered it.

Under the Editor's Table

HITLER is annoyed that he cannot invade England. In any case he would be put out.

THE open-air cookery demonstrations in London are an outstanding success.

THE perfumery trade is anxious about the future. Scents trouble.

A MAN with a cow laughs at the butter ration. Some people think he should be given no quarter.

THE Army offers many opportunities to women cooks. A finer range.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



EVERYONE is doing war-work cheerfully. Even the searchlights give us a beam.

HITLER'S leaflets have been dropped on a sewage farm. Hitting the mark.

SPARE doorkeys are being collected for salvage. Haven't finished doing their turn.

FORESTRY is straight-forward work. No beating about the bush.

SHOPPERS are asked to carry their purchases. The country is producing more arms.

If spruce trees are worth a tidy sum

Wants a Man

Civilisation wants a man. Civilisation is calling for you. Not half the things it is striving for have yet been done. The telegraph is only half as useful as it will be; the telephone is only beginning. A hundred improvements must be made in post offices and railways. Wireless is still a child. Flying is only the suggestion of what it will be. Motoring has a hundred possibilities before it. Civilisation has fame and fortune in her hand for all who are not blind to see. She brings you all the treasures of the past, all the product of all the opportunities that men have

that will not rattle in the wind. It asks that if you are an architect you shall know the value of sunshine and soft water; if you are a railway porter you shall know when the next train is due; if you are a builder you shall know the best streets to live in.

It asks that if you are wanted to look up a piece of information you shall find it without wasting more time than your service is worth by asking *Where shall I look for it? or Do you want it now?* It asks that if you are entrusted with a mission or a message you shall carry out your trust entirely and well, without bungling it at the beginning or confusing it at the end. It asks that, whatever and whoever and wherever you are, you shall do nothing by halves: you shall be as much ashamed of bad work as of bad temper.

A Tale of Gordon

It asks, in short, that you shall know how you live and why you live, that you shall think of your life as at least as important as the football championship, or the theatre, or a holiday.

Civilisation wants you, but it wants no unready man. When General Gordon was appointed to the Sudan Lord Wolseley took him to the War Office, and left him in an ante-room. After a conversation with the Cabinet Lord Wolseley came out and said: "The Government are determined to evacuate the Sudan. Will you go and do it?" Gordon himself left us the story in a letter:

I said, Yes. He said, *Go in.* I went in and saw them. They said, *Did Wolseley tell you our orders?* I said, Yes. *You will not guarantee future government of the Sudan, and you wish me to go up and evacuate now.* They said, Yes, and it was over, and I left at 8 p.m. for Calais.

Your Opportunity

That night at Charing Cross Lord Granville took Gordon's ticket, Lord Wolseley carried his bag, and the Duke of Cambridge held open the carriage door for him. The whole world is at the feet of the ready man.

Are you ready if your opportunity comes in an hour—if it comes within five minutes from the moment you read this? Civilisation wants a man: can it rely on you? It may want a man to take a message: can you take it now? It may want a man to manage a business: can you make it pay? It may want a man to keep a ledger: do you make mistakes? A thousand men are waiting, but Civilisation passes by. The enterprise is too great to risk. Are you one of the thousand? Or are you one of ten? Can you do some things better than most men? Can you do one thing better than any man? Or can your work do without you?

Civilisation wants a man: can it afford to pass you by?

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ever had and used. Yours is the accumulated genius of the centuries.

If you knew tomorrow that somewhere across the seas a friend had left you a fortune you would sell all that you have to go and find it. Are you unmoved by the thought that wealth untold has been bequeathed to you by Shakespeare, by Sir Isaac Newton, by Michael Faraday?

Understand Your Work

Civilisation, in giving you an opportunity greater than Sir Isaac Newton's, makes no impossible claims. It asks that you shall understand the world in which you live, and your work in it. It asks that if you are driving a railway train you shall look up at the signals; if you are a clerk you shall not make mistakes in your letters; if you are a secretary you shall not forget a dozen things a day; if you are a journalist your facts shall not be wrong. It asks that if you are a workman fixing a bell you shall fix a bell that shall ring; if you are putting on a lock you shall put on a lock that will work; if you are making a window you shall make a frame

The Admiral Knocks at the Door

I HEARD a gentleman say, who was in the ship with him about six years ago, that as they were sailing over against the town of Hastings in Sussex, Sir Cloudesley Shovel called out, "Pilot, put near; I have a little business on shore."

So he put near; and Sir Cloudesley and this gentleman went to shore in a small boat; and, having walked about half a mile, Sir Cloudesley came to a little house in All Saints Street. "Come (says he), my business is here; I came to see the good woman of this house."

Upon this they knocked at the door, and out came a poor old woman, upon which Sir Cloudesley kissed her, and then, falling down on his knees, begged her blessing, calling her mother. He was mightily kind to her, and she to him, and after he had made his visit he left her ten guineas; and took his leave with tears in his eyes, and departed to his ship.

From an old diary

NOT IN VAIN

We do not know the writer of this verse, but it was quoted recently by the Princess Royal.

[F] this bit of England be Stronger for the strength I bring, Sweeter for the songs I sing, Happier for the path I tread, Lighter for the light I shed, Nobler for the death I die, Not in vain have I been I.

A Prayer For Dumb Creation

WE beseech Thee, O Lord, to hear our supplications on behalf of the dumb creation, who, after their kind, bless, praise, and magnify Thee for ever. Grant that all cruelty may cease out of our land; and deepen our thankfulness to Thee for the faithful companionship of those whom we delight to call our friends.

DUST CALLING

One of our esteemed readers sends us this poem, which we print with much pleasure.

SOME specks of dust blew in my eye and made me curse. "Why curse, poor fool?" they said; "it might have been much worse." Surprised at this, I said: *I thought that dust was dead!* "We think that you are much more dead than dust," they said.

They all then started to converse. The first did say: "In the forgotten past, before I passed away, I was considered of divine, immortal fame, But no one in the world remembers now my name."

The second said: "I was a tyrant feared by all, My name put fear and sorrow in both great and small; They who opposed my rule were doomed to early graves, And they who followed me were sycophants and slaves."

So all the particles recalled their memories, And each told something of their fleeting destinies: There were Exploiters, Traitors, Rogues, and some did pray, But most were slaves and fools, exactly as today. E. Oxburgh

The Loss That No Man Can Restore

THE loss of gold is much, The loss of time is more; The loss of honour such a loss As no man can restore.

Old rhyme

A MAN'S RELIGION

A MAN has no more religion than he acts out in his life. Henry Ward Beecher



CARRY ON

Comes Something Down With Eventide



COMES something down with eventide, Beside the sunset's golden bars, Beside the floating scents, beside The twinkling shadows of the stars.

By chance my eye fell on the stream; How many a marvellous power Sleeps in us—sleeps, and doth not dream! This knew I in that hour.

For then my heart, so full of strife, No more was in me stirred; My life was in the river's life, And I nor saw nor heard.

I and the river, we were one: The shade beneath the bank, I felt it cool; the setting sun Into my spirit sank.

A rushing thing in power serene I was; the mystery I felt of having ever been, And being still to be.

Thomas Burbidge

TO LOVE AND NOT TO FEAR

WHY in the name of all that is holy were we always taught to fear God? It is an idea that still hangs in my mind that if I don't fear Him enough something terrible will happen some day—and that is the sort of Ogre one is expected to worship and glorify, an unapproachable Being to be addressed by the repetition of high-sounding and eloquent phrases full of rather pompous grandeur.

I think I want a more familiar God, whom I can turn to at any minute of the day without fear, rather than a Being who must be approached with extra special language on one's knees, or by priests in splendid vestments. It is everything not only to reverence Him, but to love Him, and to feel that you know Him so well that you can even enjoy fun with Him.

Can one kneel to God from any sense that He will be pleased to hear us confess that we are worms, and how merciful He is to let us live? Surely no simile is more perfect than that God is the Father of us who are His children, His own children, just as Christ was His own Child. To what does one kneel in one's daily prayers? I feel inclined to kneel before anything that goes to my heart as being very beautiful, and the more humble and lowly and unasserting it is the more I feel inclined to kneel before it, as representing to me the very presence of something very near to God and very holy. It is this feeling which has in the old days again and again led me to kneel and kiss a flower in the woods or in a hedgerow.

Edward Wilson, who sleeps with Scott

On the Shore of the World

ON the shore Of the wide world I stand alone and think, Till love and fame to nothingness do shrink. Keats

WELCOME, SCAFFOLD

I do not dread going to the scaffold in such good company; it is disgraceful to live in the midst of ruffians.

Madame Roland

IF

IF in this testing time of England's power, This dreaded and this yet thrice-glorious hour, We may but keep a proud and scornful calm In face of all who strive to do us harm; If we can toil and sweat, nor flag nor fail, And keep on smiling when we hear the siren wail; If we can man each post with loyal zeal And show our comrades something of the joy we feel; If we put duty first, and gladly make Stern sacrifices for our country's sake; If we, though not exempt from secret fear, Disguise it with a smile which tells of cheer; If we can keep our faith and never flinch, And, fighting if we must, not budge an inch; If we to great traditions still hold fast, And make this present worthy of the past; If we are stirred by this heroic fight For Honour, Justice, Truthfulness, and Right; If we, our feet with hope and patience shod, Do all we can, and put our trust in God, We shall endure, and proudly live to see A resurrected Europe glad and free. Then, looking back, we surely shall recall That these were England's finest days of all! H. L. G.

Joan's Flag For French Freedom

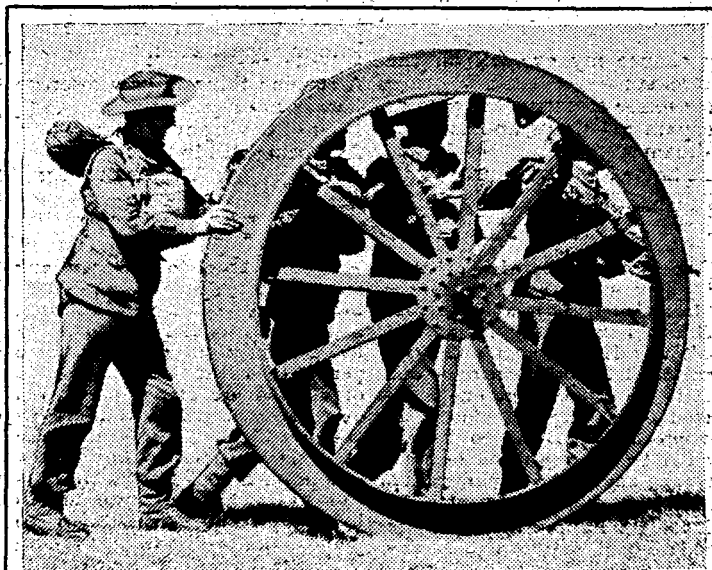
JOAN OF ARC'S own emblem, the red cross of her native Lorraine, has been chosen by General de Gaulle for the French forces he is gathering to help us to free his country from Nazi slavery.

Five centuries ago the Maid left her little village of Domremy to place Charles the Dauphin on that throne of France which had been declared to belong to Henry the Sixth of England. Joan came with a banner of her own device, which she carried on the field of victory and at the coronation of Charles in Rheims Cathedral.

The banner was white, embroidered with lilies, having on one side a representation of the Annunciation and on the other God seated on the clouds and holding the world. In her hand she bore the ancient sword with which Charles

Martel overcame the Saracens. The red cross on a blue ground was an additional emblem used by Joan, and has always remained precious to France because the province of Lorraine has long been coveted by Germany, who seized it in the Franco-Prussian War and held it until the end of the Great War.

This cross has a double cross-piece and is known in Heraldry as the Patriarchal Cross, being used by archbishops and cardinals as a degree below the Pope, whose emblem is the triple cross, which has three cross-pieces. The origin of the extra bar on the Latin Cross, or Cross of Calvary, is said to be that it represents the scroll bearing the inscription "This is Jesus, King of the Jews" which the Romans nailed above His head.



Australia Will Be There

Hardy sons of Australia who have crossed the world to help in the defence of the Mother Country. They are artillerymen and are handling the wheel of a big gun.

Take Care of Your Tin

It is not for the tin that we are asked to save the tins, but for the sheet iron underneath. The cleaned iron plates are plunged into a bath of molten tin, and come out with the thinnest of thin films of tin upon them. That is the foundation of the tin-plate industry, and to the tin-platers it is important not to put too thick a film of tin on the iron, for tin at £270 a ton is precious.

In order to avoid waste a new kind of electric thickness gauge has been invented. It will measure a film of tin on iron, or any non-magnetic coating on steel, to the one-tenth-thousandth of an inch. It can also measure the electroplating film on steel, and other films less thin. Tin has many other uses than that of plating, and is valuable as an alloy, as well as in dyeing, calico-printing, and in making phosphor bronze. Fortunately the chief supplies of it come from the British Straits Settlements and the Dutch East Indies, where some 100,000 Chinese labourers mine it. Bolivia comes third and supplies America.

Fifty Clubland Boys For America

We hear from Camberwell that the Boys Clubs of America have offered to take fifty Clubland Junior boys, aged ten to sixteen, for the duration of the war.

Queen Mary, who opened Clubland in 1922, has just written to Mr. Butterworth that she is delighted to hear that Clubland is being kept open for young people and soldiers on leave, and sending a gift as an encouragement and proof of her very real interest. "Please tell your Seniors (says the letter) that her Majesty has not forgotten Clubland."

The Chinaman's Rations

A missionary in China who visited the Shantung Christian University was at pains to make out the daily bill of fare of the Chinese student.

It reveals that rice forms no part of it. Rice is the universal food south of the Yangtse River, but is practically unknown in the north, which is not a rice-producing area. Wheat takes its place, and is not only baked into bread, but provides macaroni, spaghetti, and dumplings. There is not much butter or meat, no milk to spare, but 29 varieties of green vegetables and 15 varieties of beans. The North Chinaman's food does not cost threepence a day, and in fact it is possible for any Chinese to provide himself with food, clothing, and shelter for six shillings a month.

Clarence's Jaguar

Way down in Tennessee, as the old Negro melody has it, a brownish yellow beast with black spots fell down a gap in a forested hillside a million years ago, or more. It could not get out, and laid its bones there, and its footprints.

Recently a boy, Clarence Hicks, while exploring the cave which the gap in the hillside has become, unearthed the bones, and hastened to tell the professor of geology at a local college. The professor went to examine the remains, and from them identified the bones and the footprints as those of a long-extinct jaguar. So Clarence's name goes down in history as that of the discoverer of a hitherto undiscovered beast in America's geological annals.

Over £3000 is being saved on the Zoo's food bill by the scheme under which 350 animals have been adopted by "godparents."

WE MUST KEEP THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT

NEVER before was so much work done in this country; never were so many people working. It is worth while, therefore, to remember that all work and no play makes life a dull thing.

When we begin to tire our attention wanders. Quite early in life we are reminded of it when the teacher rebukes one of his class by telling him he is not paying attention.

The power of Attention is one of the most precious of Nature's gifts. Darwin tells of a man who used to buy monkeys from the Zoo to train for acting in plays, and offered double the price if he was allowed to keep three or four of them for a few days in order to select one. When asked how he could tell in so short a time whether a monkey would turn out a good actor he replied that it all depended on the attention the animal gave to what was done in its presence. If its attention was easily distracted all hope of instructing it had to be given up.

But this faculty of attention, the most important of all for the development of human intelligence, is a very delicate thing. Our nerves, our muscles, our hearts, all play on it, and if they are tired the attention tires as well. It can also tire itself by concentrating too long. This is true whether the work is mental or physical.

When We Are Tired

One of the symptoms of this tiredness appears in what is called our reaction time, which is the time interval between the response of the muscles to what the brain tells them to do. If the attention is tired it may make the difference of a tenth or a hundredth of a second in pressing a lever on an aeroplane or in a factory, and that fraction of a second may be all-important.

One of the outstanding symptoms of tiredness is the occurrence of accidents resulting from inattention. Careful examination has shown that the accidents which take place in factories and workshops increase to

their highest number at various hours of the day and on stated days of the working week. The number of accidents is smallest in the first hour and greatest after working four or five hours.

The amount of work done, and its quality, follow on much the same lines, smallest in some hours of the day and on some days of the week. Before fatigue sets in there is a period during which the power of the muscle is increasing and the man does his best work. Then there is a break, and the work diminishes in quality and quantity. Our bodies are not like locomotives which consume the same amount of coal for every foot-pound of work.

When the human body is fatigued even a small amount of work produces disastrous effects. The workman who persists in his task when he is tired not only produces less good work, but injures his own bodily faculties.

The Day of Rest

Those who labour with their brains as well as their hands are subject to the same laws. Even accountants who deal with figures cannot escape them. Some who offered themselves for experiment revealed that in addition and multiplication their speed increased with practice, but most decreased in speed after half an hour's work. It also appeared that, though accuracy increased as the work went on, in some the nervous system became fatigued, and both breathing and the heart might become affected.

Whatever work is in hand there must be breaks and breathing spaces if it is to be done well; and above all it is imperative that the worker must neither work for too long a spell nor go on working when he is tired.

We are fighting for Christianity, and one of the things we are learning is that the Commandment is sound economics and a precious source of national strength. One day of rest in seven is essential for us all.

The Three Pigeons of Apse Heath

A READER in a small village of the Isle of Wight, near Sandown, sends us this story of a pigeon which sheltered with some hens about 18 months ago and has just come into the news by an act of remarkable intelligence, as we are bound to call it.

The pigeon (Mr. Coo, as we will call him) had a fairly private life until a lady pigeon from Shanklin got to know of his loneliness and, being shown over the roomy apartments at Apse Heath, agreed to stay. Our correspondent soon found two eggs in a nest, and today there is a young pigeon, offspring of Mr. Coo of Apse Heath and Josey, the doctor's white fantail from Shanklin. All was well.

But the other day Josey came into the kitchen through the open

window, walked round, made herself too troublesome, and was shown the door.

But the persistent bird returned through a fanlight and flew through the kitchen into the conservatory, breaking off a flower. Again Josey was shown the door, and yet again it happened, so that at last our correspondent went to the hen-house to look round. The little pigeon was missing, and it seemed that rats must have been at work. But no; five feet below the nest, huddled up in a corner, lay the little one, fallen from the nest but not seriously injured.

Do you suppose (asks our correspondent) that Josey was seeking to call my attention to what had happened, and was asking for help? We do.

Putting the Thermometer Right

IN the highest scientific circles a revision of the thermometer is in contemplation.

The familiar Fahrenheit, Centigrade, and Réaumur thermometers will still hold their places, but their degrees will be different. Ordinary people like ourselves speak of the freezing-point of water, which is not quite correct, because water freezes at slightly differing temperatures. It should be the melting-point of ice, which is unchanging and stands at 0 degrees Centigrade and 32 degrees Fahrenheit. But the boiling

point of water, now fixed at 100 degrees Centigrade and 212 degrees Fahrenheit, is to be changed because this also is a temperature not always the same. As Joule and Lord Kelvin were aware when they accepted the present compromise as long ago as 1854, it ought to be made absolute by referring it to the laws which relate to heated gases.

This is a matter science hopes to take in hand when all the nations can be brought together to agree on the right figure.

There is a False Idea About

For millions of people the war means heavy sacrifice; for an unknown number it must mean death or permanent injury.

For millions of others, working in war trades, the war is already meaning great gain. It was hoped that this would be avoided, but it appears to be as flagrant now as in the Great War.

A correspondent who keeps records points out that in 1915, before the Great War was a year old, wages in many trades had leaped. At Woolwich Arsenal unskilled labourers who earned 35s a week in 1914 were getting £4 a week. A lad of 18 who got 18s a week in 1914 drew nearly £3 in 1915. A little later, at a London works, eight men drew an average of £12 a week each in October 1915.

These increases were out of all proportion to any rise in prices.

Today in many places the story is much the same. An M.P. has

pointed out that in a munitions works near London a girl of 16 is earning £6 a week. In some places, where two or three members of a family are working on munitions, a household is drawing £15 to £20 a week from the war.

And what is the soldier getting? His pay is 2s 6d a day, and his family draws a modest allowance.

Thus the nation is crippling itself in conducting war, even while laying up a burden of debt which will handicap its future efforts when peace comes.

There should be an end of the idea that war makes a sort of Tom Tiddler's Ground where money is to be picked up liberally. It is a conception which is contrary to the truth, for war destroys wealth. By creating a present illusion of war gain we head for days of dire distress and unemployment, and it is for the Government to recall the nation to its senses.

Miracles With Plasma

BLOOD transfusion to save life has taken on a new aspect with the discovery that blood plasma can be reduced to a powder and readily transported.

Plasma is blood minus its red cells. The blood fluid is pale in colour, and the redness is due to the presence of red cells, shaped like discs, which are only a 3200th of an inch in diameter. The fluid is called plasma, and it can be

reduced to powder without essential loss. The condensed plasma is mixed with boiling water and is then ready for transfusion. For storage and easy carrying the method is invaluable.

In air raids the method has already proved its value. A man injured by shrapnel was in a serious condition until the plasma transfusion was made; he then improved. Powdered plasma keeps indefinitely.

SEVEN MILES UP IN A BASKET

FOR nearly fifty years Henry Coxwell lived above the clouds, and in one balloon that took him there he ascended higher than Everest.

That magnificent ascent, made in September, 1862, was no isolated achievement, but had been led up to by twenty years of preparation and experience, and an even longer period of enthusiastic devotion to the yet young science of ballooning.

Ballooning was his life, his joy, his calling; and the story begins when, a boy of nine, he saw through his father's telescope from their home on the Medway the enthralling sight of Green's balloon making its ascent at Rochester.

The Balloonatic

From that time forward Henry Coxwell was resolved, though his father insisted on making him a dentist, to become a balloonist. Years later, after he had set up his dental business, he edited the first Balloon Magazine under the name of Henry Wells, and explained the adoption of the name by saying he was afraid if he put his own name on it some of his patients would think him a balloonatic.

A balloonatic in the best sense he certainly was. In the year of Queen Victoria's coronation he saw from London Bridge Corby's parachute attached to the great balloon Nassau, and the thrill revived in him all his boyish ambitions. He sought out Hampton, another balloonist of that time, obtained from him encouragement to give his amateur help toward making a new and splendid balloon, and made with him his first ascent.

It lasted only 25 minutes, but 50 years later he recalled the delight of that tantalising short-lived experience of grandeur.

Once having tasted the delight there was no stopping him.

Dentistry was a mundane occupation compared with the promise of ethereal experiences, and he became a professional balloonist heart and soul. Before he was thirty he was making spectacular balloon ascents with George Gale, and in one of them he and those who were with him had a hairbreadth escape.

They made the ascent from the once popular Vauxhall Gardens, letting off fireworks as they went up for the entertainment of the multitude. When they were 7000 feet up and the fireworks were all spent Coxwell suddenly announced to Gale that the gas was blowing out of the neck of the balloon. A few minutes later the balloon collapsed, and they began to descend with terrifying speed.

While the others gave themselves up for lost Coxwell, with extraordinary presence of mind, cut the neck line that imprisons the gas in the balloon while it is rising, so that in this fearful descent the balloon's fabric assumed the form of a parachute and checked the fall. They landed in Belgrave Road, Pimlico, with nobody very much hurt.

Bomb-Dropping

After a number of ascents in Gale's balloons Coxwell, now an acknowledged aeronaut of the first rank, took a balloon of his own with him to Germany, and stopped there for three years. A point of some interest is that while he was in Berlin he suggested to the military authorities, or it may be that they suggested to him, that balloons might be used for dropping explosive bombs. This was ninety years ago.

He returned about the year of the Great Exhibition and took up the task of making balloons that might be employed for scientific purposes, and further

suggested to the War Office that they might be used in military observations. The military authorities would have none of it, though after pigeon-holing the suggestion for ten years they did allow an observation balloon to go up at Aldershot.

Meanwhile during those ten years Coxwell continued a pacific but eventful career in his balloons, many of the ascents being made from the Crystal Palace. One such ascent ended 250 miles away at Tavistock. During another, from Congleton, the balloon came down with such speed among the stone walls of Buxton that most of the passengers were injured and Coxwell went on crutches for months.

Into the Blue

The accident on this exciting occasion did not diminish his enthusiasm very much for he made his 500th ascent in 1863, and continued to go up and come down till he made his last ascent in 1885, when he was 66, after more than forty years of thrilling and perilous adventure.

Among his ascents the one that gives him his unassailable place in the history of aeronautics was that made on September 5, 1862, with Dr James Glaisher. Glaisher had accompanied Coxwell before in his Mammoth balloon holding 93,000 cubic feet of gas. They went up on this historic occasion with 60,000 cubic feet, with the intention of going as high as they could. Dr Glaisher took the observations while he retained consciousness (and he was able to do so on this tremendous flight), and from his notes the oft-repeated story can be made out.

This ascent was made in an open basket. There was no oxygen apparatus, nor anything beyond their clothing to give warmth to the adventurers. The balloon was their Pegasus, and carried them to heights hitherto unexplored.

They were up four miles in an hour and 40 minutes and there found 47 degrees of frost. Another ten minutes and they were up five miles, Coxwell breathing hard, the barometer and the temperature falling, and the balloon still going up.

Glaisher, frozen in his seat, glanced once more at the barometer, read its figures for almost

the last time, and found that it stood at nine and three-quarter inches, and that therefore they were at a height of 29,000 feet, and the balloon still going up. Suddenly, so Glaisher told the tale, he found he had no limbs, could not raise his head from his right shoulder. He fell back against the side of the car. He could not speak to Coxwell, darkness closed down on his eyes, he feared he was going to die of suffocation. All he knew was that the minutes were passing and the balloon still ascending. How long he remained like that he could never tell; the next thing of which he was conscious was that Coxwell was doing his best to raise him and was saying something about observations, and adding the appeal, "Do try; now do!"

Coxwell now takes up the tale. He said he saw that Glaisher was helpless and felt insensibility coming on himself. He tried to open the balloon valve, but he had lost the use of his hands; with one last effort he caught the valve cord in his teeth and desperately dipped his head two or three times. It sufficed; the valve opened, the balloon began to descend, and they came to earth. Having regard to the upward speed maintained by the balloon, the time between Glaisher's last observation and the moment when the valve was opened and the upward rush checked, it is assumed that these two men succeeded in reaching a height of no less than 37,000 feet, more than seven miles.

His Great Hour

That was Coxwell's great hour, though he never made much of it, but continued undisturbed on his workaday task of going up in balloons for something more than another twenty years.

After his last ascent had been made he continued to take an unabated interest in the work of others, and lived to see the coming of the dirigible under Santos-Dumont. He died in the last summer of the nineteenth century, after having certainly been the greatest balloonist of that century.

It was characteristic of this shrewd, brave man that he was under no delusions about the limitations of balloons, which he thought could be usefully employed for observations but he knew could never be steered. Though his head was so often in the clouds his feet were firmly planted.

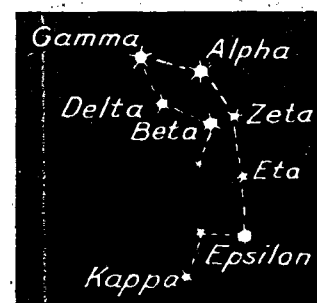
Earth as Seen From the Planets

SUNS OF THE DOLPHIN

By the C.N. Astronomer

Jupiter and Saturn now appear close together low in the eastern sky soon after 10 p.m., Jupiter being much the brighter. After about 11 o'clock on Saturday evening, August 24, the Half Moon appearing on its back, as it were, may be seen a little way below the two planets, the whole presenting a singular scene. Jupiter and Saturn are actually very far apart, for whereas Jupiter is now about 440 million miles away from us, Saturn is about 830 million miles distant.

We are apt to think of our world as the most important item in the Universe, but so insignificant is it actually that its very existence is unknown to all those starry glories



The chief stars of the celestial Dolphin

above us, even if they possessed beings similar to ourselves on any worlds circling round them—a not unlikely circumstance. Seen even from Jupiter our world would appear scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, and never more than twelve degrees away from the Sun; this is an apparent distance only about 24 times the width that the Sun appears to us.

Were there any inhabitants on Saturn or any of his moons, they would have no knowledge of the Earth's existence from naked-eye observation, owing to her faintness and apparent proximity to the Sun; for the Earth would never reach to farther than six degrees away from him, as seen from Saturn. Nevertheless, Jupiter and Saturn appear to us as objects of great interest and ever-varying charm with their retinues of moons; but then Jupiter is a sphere large enough to contain 1300 worlds the size of ours, while Saturn could envelop 763.

An Interesting Cluster

Turning to the starry realms, there is a small interesting cluster of ten stars a little way below those of the Northern Cross, described a fortnight ago. They form the constellation of the Dolphin, or Delphinus, and as such have been known for close upon 3000 years. Some of the stars are fairly bright and are high up toward the south between 9 and 10 o'clock; they will be easily identified from the star-map.

Of these Beta, which is at a distance of 136 light-years journey, is of particular interest because it has a large planetary body, at present in the fiery stage, revolving round it in a period of 26 years and 290 days. Gamma is also seen to be composed of two suns, one golden and the other of greenish hue; but these appear to be seen merely in the line of sight, as the fainter greenish one is at a distance of 101 light-years, whereas the much larger golden one is 155 light-years distant.

Little Zeta, actually similar to Sirius, is 217 light-years distant, and Delta 206 light-years away, while Epsilon, a giant super-hot sun, appears to be something like 2000 light-years distant. Compared with these vast distances Jupiter is only about 38 minutes light-journey and Saturn 72 minutes light-journey from us.

G. F. M.

BEDTIME CORNER

I WOULD not be a woolly bear

For anything I know;
I would not be a running hare
Or else a big black crow;
I would not be a cunning fox,
An elephant, or gnat;
I would not be a horse or ox,
An owl, a mouse, a bat.



No animal or fish or bird
Lives such a life as I:
They cannot speak a single word,

And when they die they die:
But I have cricket-bats and things,
And ride in motor-cars,
And I can mount on golden wings
To buzz among the stars.

WHAT is it that requires many answers although it never asks any questions?

A door-bell

A DOG with a bone came down to the edge of a stream and caught sight of his reflection in the water. Thinking it another dog with a bone he became greedy and snatched at it. But in so doing he opened his mouth, only to see his own bone sink to the bottom of the stream, out of reach.

Those who covet what belongs to others often lose more than they gain.

Bible Question

What were the gifts brought by the Wise Men to the Infant Jesus?

Gold, Frankincense, and Myrror

DEAR Lord, give me kind thoughts and make me friendly with my friends, patient with those I do not understand, and warm-hearted towards all. And make me thankful for all my blessings. Amen

Wonderful Facts About You

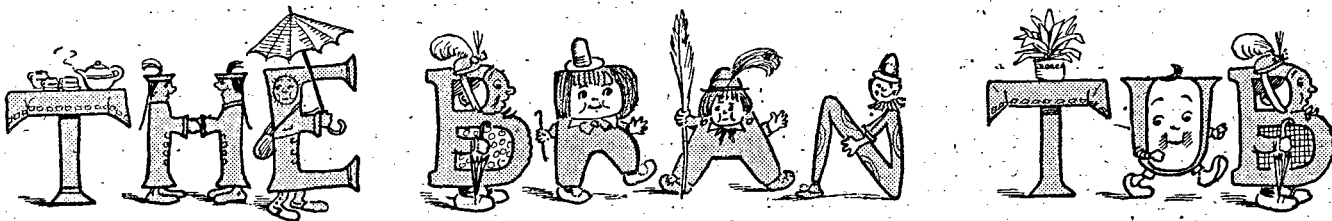
29. Ten Miles of Sweat Glands in the Body

All over the body the skin has tiny openings. These are the ends of channels a 30th of an inch in diameter and a quarter of an inch long, embedded in the dermis, or inner and deeper layer of skin. The inner end is coiled up in a kind of knot, and this is a sweat gland, the tube being a duct, or channel to the outside through which the perspiration flows. The number of sweat glands varies in different parts of the body. They are fewest on the back and neck (400 to the square inch) and most on the palm and sole (2000 to 3000 to the square inch). In all there are nearly 2½ million in the whole skin, and the total length is over ten miles.

30. The Armoured Hose of the Throat

It is important that the trachea, or windpipe, which conveys air to the lungs, should be kept permanently open. If it were soft, like an india-rubber tube, it would be easily compressed and closed by pressure on the throat, as when a collar or scarf is tight, or bedclothes press on it.

To avoid this pressure the windpipe is strengthened by a series of tough, gristly C-shaped hoops, the incomplete sides of the hoops being behind, and united only by muscle and membrane where the windpipe is in contact with the gullet. The windpipe is, in fact, very much like an armoured hose used for the garden, which is stiffened with coils of metal.

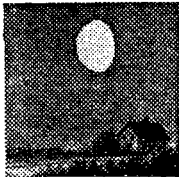


Kind Consideration

WHY have you put your cup of tea on a chair, Mr Jones? a landlady asked one of her boarders. "It is so very weak," was the reply, "that I thought it had better have a rest."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the late evening the planets Jupiter and Saturn are close together low in the east. In the morning Venus and Mercury are in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, August 25.



A Harrowing Experience

THERE was an old woman of Harrow Who grew a great vegetable marrow; It grew rather round, But the old lady found It wouldn't or couldn't grow narrow.

Do You Live in Wolverhampton?

SEVEN centuries ago the name was spelt Wulfrunehanton, and this is derived from Wulfrun, a Christian name, and heah tun, meaning high town. It is thus the high town of Wulfrun, who was the daughter of King Edmund and founded a college and endowed a church there. In course of time a town grew up on the spot and was given the name indicated.

Word With Different Meanings

I AM a long, round piece of wood. A tragic land's my place of birth. I am a measure. Finally, I am the very ends of earth.

Answer next week

A Signature

THE handwriting of a certain great man was quite unreadable. It was said that his signature looked like a gridiron struck by lightning.

Irish Pictures

A MAN was once asked if he had ever been to Cork. He said he had not, but he had seen many drawings of it.

A Literary Game

HERE is a game for those who love literature and would like a little amusement in making up sentences under certain restrictions.

We take the name of some well-known author, such as William Shakespeare, Alfred Tennyson, Edward Gibbon, and so on, and then we have to make up a sentence about him, or his works or both, the words beginning with the letters of the name taken in turn. Here, for example, is a sentence made up on the name William Shakespeare:

William's immortal lines live in all memories. Sovereign honour above kingly estate. Shakespeare's poetry exhausts all rivalry elsewhere.

A little practice will soon give us facility in making such sentences.

How Goethe Wrote His Name

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main on August 28, 1749, and died at Weimar on March 22, 1832. Poet, dramatist, and prose-writer, he is the greatest figure in German literature, and ranks among the

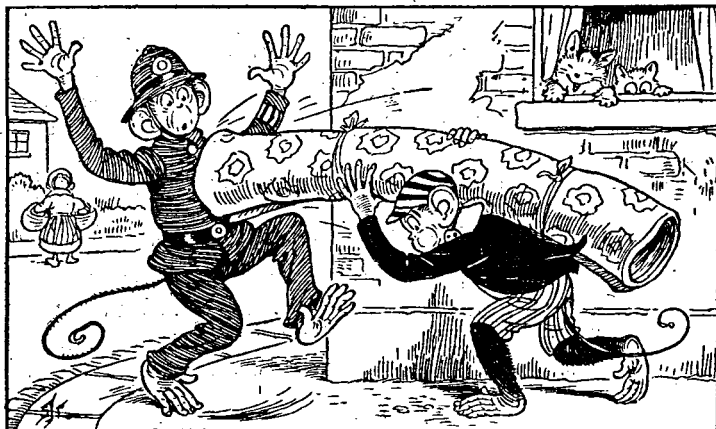
Goethe

greatest writers of all time. His output of work was very great, but his masterpiece, the tragedy of Faust, alone would have been enough to make him famous.

Addressing the Reichstag?

MONKEYS undoubtedly do hold councils. Travellers in East African jungles assure us that they frequently come on circles of apes apparently listening to one of their number, who, on his legs, is gesticulating with his arms, and making his point with violent gestures.

Jacko in a Hurry



WHEN his mother bought the new rug for the parlour Jacko insisted on carrying it home. He slung it up on his shoulder and marched off with it. With his head down he didn't see the constable swing importantly round the corner. Bang! The great roll caught the poor man full in the chest—and very nearly sent him sprawling.

Word Changing

WHOLE, I am what is often paid By one friend to another; What we would joyfully receive From absent friend or brother. Beheaded, I a question am, Which, if you will transpose, You need no further seek for it, An answer will disclose.

Answer next week

Let Us Laugh

How much lies in Laughter, the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man! The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem. Carlyle

Dr Johnson's Compliment

When Mrs Thrale wrote to Dr Johnson on her thirty-fifth birthday stating that at that age no one would send her complimentary verses, the Doctor sent her these lines:

OFT in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five;
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five;
Ladies stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five;
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

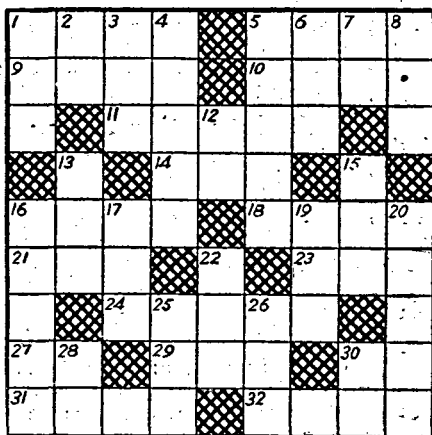
A Legal Puzzle

The cat's verdict was just, for suppose the loaves to be divided each into three equal parts, making 24 altogether, and each person to eat an equal share, each would eat eight portions. The man with five loaves, therefore, would have given to the stranger seven parts, and the man with three loaves only one part.

What is It? Envy, N V

A Mystery Sum. Ten score

Half-Hour Cross Word



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks.

Answer next week

Reading Across. 1 A contest of speed. 5 Azure. 9 An image. 10 He gave himself these when showing off. 11 Shaped piece of metal used for splitting timber. 14 Tooth of a wheel. 16 A skilful accomplishment. 18 The standard measure of length. 21 Guided. 23 A cereal plant. 24 Series of thoughts of a person in sleep. 27 Interjection expressing doubt. 29 Instrument for piercing holes in leather. 30 In like manner. 31 The persons forming a side in a game. 32 A catalogue of names.

Reading Down. 1 To disencumber. 2 An announcement. 3 Useful domestic animal. 4 To choose. 5 Puffy. 6 To rest lengthwise. 7 Home of Abraham. 8 A complimentary addition to a name on letters. 12 Accomplish. 13 A reward for services. 15 To test by experiment. 16 A body of ships. 17 To put together. 19 A limb. 20 Headquarters of a regiment. 22 A vaporous deposit. 25 A sheep. 28 Every one. 29 Pronoun; third person. 30 Steamship.

Ici on Parle Français

Discipline in Ants

A traveller in the Malay jungle, while cutting off slices of bark from a large tree, uncovered a hollow in the trunk.

In it were about ten large ants. They did not rush about aimlessly, as insects generally do when they are suddenly uncovered, but stood quite still.

The traveller slowly advanced the large blade of his knife toward them to see what would happen.

When it was about two inches from them they lined up in straight rows, bent their bodies double, and squirted jets of formic acid at the end of the blade so accurately that a drop of the poison, instantly formed on the point of the blade.

La Discipline chez les Fourmis

Un voyageur dans la jungle de la Malaisie, en train d'arracher des fragments d'écorce à un grand arbre, découvrit une cavité dans le tronc.

À l'intérieur se trouvaient une dizaine de grosses fourmis. Elles ne se mirent pas à courir çà et là, comme le font généralement les insectes lorsqu'ils sont tout à coup découverts, elles restèrent immobiles.

Le voyageur avança lentement vers elles la grande lame de son couteau, pour voir ce qui allait se passer. Lorsqu'elle fut à environ deux pouces des fourmis, celles-ci se rangèrent en lignes droites, se penchèrent en avant, et lancèrent des jets d'acide formique sur la pointe de la lame, avec tant d'adresse qu'une goutte du poison apparut à l'instant sur cette pointe.

A NATION IN WAR AND IN PEACE

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. I have been wondering how we carry on so well while so many men are serving in the Army, Navy, and Air Force.

Man. An interesting thing to wonder about. As the war goes on, more and more men are devoted to it directly as fighting men, and at the same time more and more civilians are making war goods. Yet we are able to live in fair comfort.

Boy. That is what puzzles me.

Man. Let us try to understand. In the first place, remember that this is an island, and that the Navy, with the R.A.F., keeps watch, securing its ordered life. Apart from that, however, it is remarkable that we carry on as we do.

Boy. How is it done?

Man. It is possible because in peace we apply to actual production the smaller part of our population, about one in three. Therefore in war, when more things must be made, we enlarge the number of our producers while many non-producers join the fighting forces. In addition, many women work, so that we have more producers than in peace.

Boy. Was it so in the last war?

Man. Yes. As many as 5,700,000 men passed through the Army in the four years, yet the nation made more goods than ever before. Let me sum up what happened. So many men were in peace doing unproductive work that when they joined the Army nothing was lost in productive power. The remaining producers, men and women, were so well organised for work that they produced much more. In the case of both men and women workers there was transfer from non-productive to productive work. The process is precisely the same today. The nation is being organised to fight and to supply the fighters.

Boy. It sounds miraculous. Cannot we organise in peace to make the most of the things of peace?

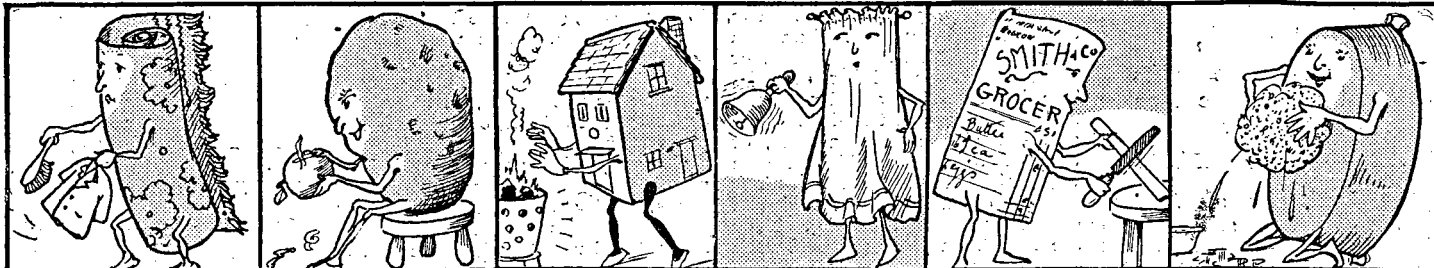
Man. In peace there is not the same drive and enthusiasm. Apart from that, the whole issue of how far a nation can be organised in peace has yet to be worked out. Organisation has somehow to be combined with freedom of choice and liberty of spirit. Men and women cannot be moved about without their own goodwill and desire for cooperation. In wartime that is easily secured because we are all in danger; but in peace it is not so easy. Perhaps we may say that we are more selfish in peace; we like to go our own way.

CHILD'S TELL-TALE TONGUE

Your child's tongue will tell you plainly when the tiny bowels need the help of a laxative. A coated tongue means a sour stomach and constipation. But you have to be most careful what medicine you give. Strong purgatives weaken and leave the bowels more bound than ever, and nothing stops a child's growth like constipation. Doctors and nurses everywhere advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a pure fruit laxative, therefore safe, and being a liquid you can measure the dose to a nicety to suit your child's system. Kiddies love its pleasant taste and thrive all the better for it.

Get a bottle today. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

Have You Ever Seen These Things?



A Carpet Brush

A Potato Peel

A House Warming

A Curtain Ring

A Bill File

A Bath Sponge